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of her brother. Here she lived for a while, in the peacefulness of retirement, and in as much of pleasure as England's monarch could bestow. He gave her all he could—a haven in which to rest, and shelter her storm-tossed bark; and the sunshine of his love to illuminate the wreck of her existence. He could do no more; for it requires a higher power than that of earthly kings to heal the broken heart. They may often be the instruments employed; but, unless the medicine comes down from heaven, it will be found superficial. Day by day, this unfortunate victim of an ill-chosen marriage, settled down into deep, though gentle sadness. She was neither gloomy nor morose; but the hand of sorrow had rudely torn every chord that had once, within her young bosom, vibrated to the tones of gladness. She now lived as an isolated being—far from all she most loved. This was but ill suited to one who seemed formed to live in the very atmosphere of love!

"She obtained from Denmark the pictures of her children, which, though they afforded her great delight in contemplating, only made her long the more for the living forms and the close embrace. But these were not granted her; and the heart of the mother pined away, until, at the early age of twenty-four, she died in the blighted spring-time of her years: retaining, in all their first warmth, the ardour of her affections—the rude storms of an unfeeling world had, indeed, blown bitterly upon them, and wrenched their fairest blossoms; but they were unable to destroy their fragrance, which seemed, the more they were bruised and scattered, only to send forth richer sweetness. But peace to her hallowed memory—the dear and noble sister of so dear and noble a brother. The day of both was darkly overclouded: one was shortened by misery—the other lengthened out in the chilly shadows of gloominess and age; but the same sacred radiance shines round the memory of both—the deep-rooted love and reverence of all who can estimate true loveliness, goodness, and majesty. Bright be the rest of both: they are gone, where, we trust, they shall wear everlasting crowns.

"I am aware that there have been many aspersions thrown on the character of Matilda; and that, of late, some writers have treated her memory with harshness. But, in Adolphus's History of George the Third, (from which I have chiefly drawn my conclusions,) it is stated, 'That the articles supposed to be proved against this princess, were sent to London, and submitted to the examination of the most eminent civilians, who, though consulted separately, unanimously declared, that the evidence, far from amounting to legal conviction, did not sanction a presumption of guilt; and they added, they did not only refuse credit to the facts as lawyers, but were obliged to disbelieve them as men.' I also know that Aikin, writing of the same time, takes a similar view. Even were this not the case, our hearts would involuntarily pronounce her innocent, when we contemplate her youth, her persecutions, and her sufferings; and saw how she retained, through all, that matchless tenderness and beautiful devotion of a mother's love. This, of itself, might be sufficient to exculpate her in the eyes of all those who can estimate the purity of such feelings: they will readily believe, that the coarser passions could not have fellowship with any thing so amiable."

"THE SUMMER BREEZE.

"Oh! summer breeze—oh! summer breeze,
That plays so light 'mid the leafy trees;
Come hither, come hither, thou lovely thing,
And tell me where wanders thy beautiful wing:
There thou breathest over my brow,
I feel the soft touch of thy light wings now;
My thoughts they are glad, and my spirit is free;
Let me wander, sweet summer breeze, with thee

"Wilt thou fly with me 'mid the sunny bowers,
And drink the soft breath of the honied flowers?
Wilt thou sip the sweet dew from the opening rose,
And kiss the low bed where the violet blows?
Wilt thou sigh along at the closing day,
When the hues of the bright west are fading away?
Wilt thou sweep o'er the breast of the ocean blue,
When 'tis slumbering and smiling in heaven's own hue?"

Wilt thou waken the chords of the sighing lute,
When the sounds of the day are all hushed and mute
Till it breathes and breathes upon fancy's ear,
Like a wandering voice from some spirit sphere?
Wilt thou list where the blackbird is thrilling its lay,
And steal its rich breathings of music away,
When his mellow notes, flowing at eve's still hour,
Fling a tone of delight over valley and bower—
A tone, that seems given as it floats along
From the very spirit of love and song?
Wilt thou waft the light cloud o'er the wandering moon,
When its beams are watching at night's still noon?
Wilt thou wave the bright locks of the happy child,
As he plays by the banks of the blue bells wild?
If thus thou wilt wander away with me,
Oh, come, and our glad course together shall be,
Where the soft dews of heaven o'er the fragrant flower
weep,

And the ocean lies calm in its summer sleep;
Where the voice of music is melting away,
And the soul breathes out its tender lay;
Where all things in loveliness soft recline,
In stillness unbroke, by a voice, save mine:
Then close thy wings, and rest with me, too,
In the still fields of etherial blue;
When o'er heaven and earth there passeth no tone,
And silence is waking and watching alone.
So lovely and light is thy course, sweet gale,
As thou on thine unseen pinions dost sail;
No mortal may wander on such light wing,
Till they burst away in eternal spring.
Oh! then like thee may we float along,
'Mid bowers of beauty and breathings of song;
Then lightly, like thee, may we slumbering lie
In the blue depths of the summer sky.
Not now, not now; but the time will be
When I'll wander, sweet summer breeze, with thee;
Even there as thou playest amid the green trees,
My spirit went with thee, sweet summer breeze.

"OUR SISTER LAND.

"The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep."
"When Erin casts her sorrowing eyes across the green sea
wave,
And looketh to her sister land to pity and to save:
Oh! when the sighing of her harp is sent across the deep;
Who is there with that mournful tone in sympathy to weep?
All her wild beauties they are dimmed by sorrow's blanch-
ing shade;
And want and wo on her fair face a deepening print hath
made;
Yet beautiful amid her grief, upon her billowy throne,
She sits in her green mantle clad, and her azure circling
zone.
"Oh! there are some who feel for her, by sorrow thus
oppress'd;
Who love to make themselves a shrine within her ardent
breast.
They pierced the veil which poverty had darkly round
her thrown,
And saw her great and noble soul was kindred with their
own.
The breeze that late around her blew, and her wild tresses
fann'd,
Brought a sweet tone of sympathy back from her sister
land;
The blended breathings of high hearts, the noble and the
kind,
The softened sigh that woman heaves from out her soul
refined.
And as she bends her sorrowing form, and dews her harp
with tears;
Soft as by summer's south wind borne, that tender tone
she hears:
Her eyes they brighten through her grief, as with the fond-
est strain,
That gratitude's deep soul can pour, she blendeth Eng-
land's name.